

## **This I believe (Patchwork- Final)**

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304

“Don’t say that you want to give, but go ahead and give!” – Johann Wolfgang.

How many people have declared to the large that they want to give a helping hand to the less fortunate ones but they actually do not? There are a handful of those people out there and I might as well be one of them. I did not know what was holding me back from giving, maybe I was too skeptical about the idea or simply too selfish to lose. Whatever doubts I had with me was finally addressed last Christmas.

The delightful Christmas ambience was in town with festive icons of Santa Claus, reindeers and shades of red shouting everywhere. The entire street was filled with girls charmingly dressed in frilly dresses, boys attired in fashionable slacks, clutching brightly wrapped gifts. I was trying to make my way through the crowd when a melody hit me instantly. I followed it and found my gaze resting upon a handicapped man playing a flute. His clothing was so tattered I could see through to his heart crying for my help. With a shiver down my spine, I knew I was moved and I had to help that man. However it struck me again that I would lose my money by doing so. I thought of the Christmas dress I had been eyeing for weeks and forsook the idea of giving.

As I carried on walking, my mind could not stop running. The image of the man playing the mournful melody in the midst of the excited people flashed back. Had those passer-bys casted disgusted glares at him or merely dismissed the sight of him as if he was transparent? With the melody evincing great sorrow, why was everyone still oblivious of him? The fierce questions woke me up. I was one of those people, too self-centered to share the joy of Christmas with a desperate man. What could have meant to be a favorite piece of dress to me could have meant the man’s survival. I realized that my Christmas could still go on well without that dress but with the same amount of money, I could easily afford to get the man a merry Christmas. I finally understood.

I turned and started running. My heart was pounding so fast, I could not hear the moan from the people I had knocked into. I did not stop even with the crowd turning to stare at me. I paused right in front of the man I just left awhile ago and gave him all the money I had with me. “Merry Christmas,” I placed the money into the tin beside him. The coins jumped happily in it. Our eyes met and his eyes spoke of gratitude and happiness. I put on my widest smile and left.

Sometimes after that, I laughed at what my hesitations had been all those while. There is nothing to be afraid of about giving, it is a simple and natural act of kindness coming right from your heart. My initial doubts about giving had also been cleared. You see, when I gave the money to that man, I got something back and it is the ultimate happiness of giving... this I believe